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PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Saturday, *August* 13, 1803.

The Village Curate;

OR,

AS YOU LIKE IT.

A TALE.

(CONTINUED.)

EVERY particular which related to this worthy man, Trueman enquired with an earnestness that displayed the philanthropic sentiments of his mind; and intimated not merely a wish, but a fixed determination, to rescue the indigent sufferer from the horrors of a prison, and restore him to his disconsolate family. Impressed with this generous sentiment, he went to bed, meditating on the means by which he might effect his laudable designs, so as to give the least offence possible to the delicacy of suffering virtue, and conceal the hand that loosed the chains of bondage, and gave once more to the drooping captive the possession of liberty.

After proposing to himself many plans, he at length determined to walk the next day to a post town about three miles off, and inclose notes to the amount of Mr. Benley's debt, in a letter to that gentleman. This appeared to him the best method he could devise, as it would leave no traces that might lead to a discovery from whom the merited bounty came. Thus resolved, he yielded to the soft embraces of sleep; and in the morning, rose to execute his benevolent purpose.

In his return, he saw, at a short distance before him, a female and a little boy. The youth carried a basket, which seemed too heavy for his feeble strength to support. The female had, in each hand, an earthen jug; and, having outwalked her companion, had seated herself on a stile to wait his coming up. Trueman accosted the youth, and offered to assist him in carrying his load, a proposal which the youngster readily accepted; telling him, at the same time, that he had been to a neighbouring farmer for cheese and butter; and that his sister, then waiting for him at the stile, had got two jugs of milk for his brothers' breakfasts, who were at home with his mother. "And what is your name, my little fellow?" said Trueman. "Benley, Sir," answered he, "and we live in yonder cottage," pointing to a small house across the meadow.

Trueman, who longed for an introduction to the disconsolate family of the indigent, but worthy curate, was highly gratified with this piece of intelligence.

"Charlotte," said the youth, as they drew near the female, "here is a gentleman has kindly carried my basket for me; and, as you complain the jugs are too heavy for you, I dare say he will help you too."

"That I will, most readily; and esteem myself obliged in having permission so to do," said Trueman, placing the basket on the ground, and bowing to Miss Benley.

"You are very kind, Sir," said Charlotte; "but I am ashamed that Henry should have given you so much trouble: he is an idle boy, or he would not have thus intruded upon your politeness."

"Call it not intrusion," returned Trueman; "the young gentleman asked not my assistance, and my service is voluntary."

The blushing Charlotte accepted, with reluctance, the assistance of the gallant stranger; and permitted him to attend her to her humble dwelling. Trueman, a stranger to the undisguised charms of nature, viewed, with a joy bordering on rapture, the personal accomplishments of his fair companion.—"And, oh!" said he to himself, "should she wear a mind pure and unstained as is her lovely form, she were a treasure worth the proudest monarch's love!"

The lovely maid, unconscious of her power to captivate, received with unconcern the compliments which Trueman paid to her beauty; and unimpressed by his gallantry, answered with polite indifference every question of the enamoured youth. In fact, the recent misfortunes that had befallen her family, and the gloomy prospect which fear's deluded eye traced in the bosom of futurity, had robbed Miss Benley of a considerable share of that vivacity, which in her happier days she was wont to possess, and rendered her almost totally indifferent to the converse of her friends, and altogether impatient of society. To this may be attributed the small attention Trueman received to his animated address. With her eyes fixed on the ground, she saw not the man with whom she conversed. Those features, which Beauty claimed her own; that form, where grace with elegance was allied, met not the view of the sorrowing Charlotte; and, before he could impress his lovely auditor with a favourable thought, the painful moment arrived when he was to bid her adieu, or suffer the restraint which the presence of her family would lay him under.

Harry Benley, the youth whom Trueman had eased of his burden, had reached home some time before the arrival of his sister. Having informed his mother of the stranger's civility, the good woman walked to the wicket-gate, that formed an entrance to the garden, to welcome her daughter's return; and thanking Trueman for his politeness, invited him to partake of their morning refreshment, which he readily accepted.

'I am sorry,' said the venerable matron, 'that my means and my inclination to make you welcome, are not in unison with each other; but that which I have to give, I give freely. There was a time—' added she, with a sigh, and stopping to wipe away the tear which reflection urged.

'I have heard of your misfortunes, Madam,' interrupted Trueman, 'and I sincerely sympathize in your sufferings. But do not,' continued he, 'yield to despair. The hand which inflicts distress can also bestow happiness; and though the pitiless storm of stern adversity to-day bears hard and heavy on our defenceless roof, to-morrow prosperity's cheering sun may raise our sinking hopes, and repair the ravages of the ruthless blast.'

Here the discourse was interrupted by the arrival of breakfast, which Charlotte had prepared. Mrs. Benley, however, could not help noticing the remark and the language of her guest, which she seemed not to expect from a person in the habit of a peasant. Trueman found that he had excited surprise, and as soon as their repast was over, in a few words gave a feigned story of his life, concluding with his intention to reside a few months in the village, and requesting permission to visit them.

Mrs. Benley assured him, that the society of a man possessing such sentiments as he had expressed, would always be to her acceptable; and, with a promise to renew his visit on the morrow, he took his leave. Mrs. Benley, and her lovely daughter, in the mean time, could not avoid making their observations on the strangeness of the visit, and the visitor, while he congratulated himself on the completion of his wish for an introduction to the amiable family.

The voluntary contributions of the surrounding peasantry, that so amply supplied the wants and necessities of Mrs. Benley and her family, were not confined to the narrow limits of this obscure village: the venerable pastor, in the gloomy confines of a prison, tasted of the grateful bounty; and the sorrows of the wretched captive found alleviation in the affectionate concern of his parishioners. Not a week passed, but some one of the village attended the market; and none ever entered the gates of the city, without paying a visit to Mr. Benley.

It was one of those market-days, that Farmer Welford, having disposed of his samples of corn to a purchaser, waited on the good old man. He found him in a small room, remote from the thoughtless herd of debtors, who sought to bury their cares in riot and dissipation, indulging the religious habits of his mind, and pursuing his pious meditations. The sight of any of his parishioners was a cordial to the drooping spirits of Mr. Benley. He received them with undissembled pleasure. His anxieties, his griefs, tho' not forgotten, were suppressed, while conversing with his friends; but, at the moment of separation, they returned with increased poignancy, and it required the utmost efforts of his mind to support the painful—Adieu!

'Eternal God!' exclaimed the weeping father, 'must I no more enjoy the sweets of liberty! Shall I no more behold my humble cot! and must those shrubs, those flowers, which art has taught to twine around my lattice, unfold to some stranger's eye their fragrant blossoms? Must I no more, at close of day—the fond partner of my bosom leaning on my arm, the sweet pledges of our mutual love in playful fondness attending on our steps—must I no more, at this sweet hour, along the deepening vale extend my rural walk, attentive to the thrush's song, or the happy milkmaid's artless ditty!—Must *I* no more, on the brow of some beech-crowned hill, my station take, to view the stately vessel scud before the breeze! or, down the sloping cliff, urge my peaceful way; and, on the sea-shore pensive listen to the lashing waves, and mark the frothy surge's due retreat!—No! these joys are vanished; happiness flies my void embrace; and misery, want and wretchedness, press hard on my declining years. These were the pleasures which faithless fortune once bestowed. How changed the scene! Here, when night her sable mantle o'er the face of heaven begins to spread, nothing is heard but the dismal rattling of chairs; doors of massy iron grating on their hinges, appal the timid soul; while horrid oaths, and dreadful imprecations wound the listening ear.—O Welford! my soul sickens at the scene; and philosophy can scarce shield my mind from the horrors of despair!'

At this moment the goaler entered the room, with a letter for Mr. Benley—'The hand is unknown to me,' said he, looking at the superscription.

'It has a goodly outside,' said the goaler, 'pray heaven it prove not like the world, fair without and foul within.'

'Why, truly, friend,' returned Mr. Benley, 'your satire upon the manners of mankind is not unreasonable. It is, I fear, the maxim of too many of the present age, to conceal the depravity of the heart beneath the specious appearance of honesty. The termagent female, when some fair youth strikes her fantastic fancy, will assume a peaceful mein; till, falconer like, she lures the tassel to her power, then throws the mask aside. The libertine, who sighs to clasp the blooming virgin to his unchaste embrace, will swear eternal constancy and love, and invoke even heaven itself to witness the integrity of his passion; yet, no sooner has possession cloyed the appetite, and desire sickens, than he forgets his vows, and leaves the too incautious maid to mourn her fond credulity, and his ingratitude. This, however,' continued he, breaking the seal, 'I think bodes no harm, I will therefore inform myself of its contents.'

And now, gentle reader, do I most sincerely wish for the pencil of the inimitable Hogarth, to pourtray the features of this trio; to which language cannot give expression, nor the most lively conception do justice.—Here sat the reverend father, with placid countenance, and mind serene, prepared to meet, with complacency, the smiles of fortune, or to combat with success, the frowns of adversity. Near him stood the goaler, whom Nature had cast in too soft a mould for the iron-hearted profession; and on his right hand was seated the honest farmer. In the countenance of these, hope's dawning smile was sweetly contrasted with the dusky frown of trembling fear. Now hope shot forth her brightening beam; now fear veiled with her murky cloud, the gilded prospect; and each, by turns, the balance swayed.

At length, Mr. Benley, raising his eyes from the letter, ended their suspense—'It is well, my friends,' said he: 'Goodness is still extant; and Innocence enjoys the guardian care of Providence. The contents of this letter will best explain my meaning—

'To the Rev. John Benley, at the Castle of Norwich.

'Reverend Sir,

'The enclosed notes, which I find, on enquiry, will cover to the whole of your debts, wait your acceptance. They are the gift of one, on whom fortune has bestowed more than he can claim on the score of desert; and who anxiously hopes, while it restores to you those most enviable blessings,—liberty and domestic happiness, he has left no clue by which a discovery of the donor may be effected.'

Here the goaler broke out into a swearing fit of joy; the farmer, whose emotions were too violent for utterance, could only express his pleasure by his looks; while the grateful pastor threw himself on his knees; and, in a fervent pathetic address, to the Giver of all Good, poured forth the grateful transports of his soul.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

YOUR editorial remark on the letter of Edwin, induced me to read it over with care. I find it indeed worthy of attention. It abounds with excellent advices, and wise observations; with crude remarks, and opinions dictated by prejudice.

It is somewhat singular, that in this age of the world, when the veil of prejudice, by the diffusion of light and knowledge, is in a greater degree removed from the face of all nations, than at any former period, the fair sex should in almost every publication hear some severe remarks against their utility, abilities, inclinations or pursuits. Even under the title of friend, they are insulted; their advisers abuse, and place them in the most degrading point of inferiority.

It is worthy to be remarked, that civilization, and attention to the fair sex, have ever gone hand in hand; and in whatever nation they are degraded, there triumphs barbarity. If this observation be true, and I believe the historic page will make it abundantly evident, would it not follow from some of the productions of your correspondents, that they are approaching to barbarity with hasty strides?

Your correspondent EDWIN, in his first sentence, endeavours to prejudise us against the whole sex—"Dear sister, I am happy to hear that you cherish such sublime ideas of the importance of education, and that you have not been led astray by the false maxim of the female world, *that education is of no advantage to women;*" and a few sentences farther onward, he continues, "it is a trite and common observation, that intellectual improvement is incompatible with female delicacy; indeed, this idea passes so current in the female world, particularly amongst girls of fashion, that it is now almost a prodigy to meet with one in this circle possessed of common understanding." If this accusation be true, females are in a degraded state; but is it indeed a maxim of the female world, that education is of no advantage to women? I deny the assertion, and assert that the female world consider education of the first importance. When we speak of women, ought we not always to remember our mothers? Was it from their lips we have heard the degrading sentiment? Was it from the lips of those mothers in Philadelphia, who, considering education of unspeakable worth, keep their daughters at seminaries of learning, almost from their infancy, until they are settled for life? Or has this offspring of ignorance fallen from the industrious farmer's wife, who sends her daughters two or three miles in the morning with their dinners in their baskets, to school?—It is amazing how the world, bad as it is, and alas! it is bad enough, is aspersed. Some giddy girl, plagued with her task, said it—some purse-proud ignorant mother has unthinkingly uttered it; and it is charged on the female world as a *maxim!!* I have lived in the world almost half a century, and mixed with the ladies in different kingdoms of Europe, and I have never heard a lady either in Europe or America, say that intellectual improvement is incompatible with female delicacy. Such a sentence might indeed fall from those girls of fashion *who have not common understanding;* but I trust, as they thereby are but little above idiots, that the female world is not to be placed on a level with them. Edwin in this, and in some other expressions, in my opinion has but a confused view of things: for example—"Yes, Maria, your laudable resolution no longer to remain in mental imbecility, but to shew yourself superior to prejudice, and the degrading example of your sex." And again, "to rescue your mind from that debased imbecility, which characterises your sex." It appears to me, Edwin means, in the two last quotations, by mental imbecility, a mind not improved by education, and in the first, by a common understanding, *a common education;* but these are in that sense phrases by no means justifiable. If the poor girls have not "received a common understanding, but labour under mental imbecility," they are objects of our compassion, and very little can education do for them. Education, like the dew-drops and sun-beams on the rose-bud, nourishes and expands, but does not *make:* or like the statuary, who by his excellent skill from the rude block formed an Apollo, yet gave the marble no innate beauty or excellence; those it possessed inherently, and skill only brought them into view. So the understanding; its powers are unfolded, *not formed,* by education; mental imbecility cannot be removed by it, but the faculties of the mind may be thereby taught to expand, progressing *ad infinitum.* Some ages ago, that imbecility of mind was a characteristic of woman, was received as a truth; but I was of opinion that the liberal and enlightened gentlemen of the present day, had exploded such an ill-grounded hypothesis. I will not now attempt to prove that their mental powers are as far removed from imbecility as ours; but give Edwin an opportunity to explain his expressions, and to recant his aspersions, which I think would do *him much honour;* but should he attempt to support the ill-founded and illiberal assertion, that mental imbecility characterises the sex, I shall with pleasure defend the rights of women.

I shall at present notice only one sentence more—"It is education alone that ennobles the human species, and distinguishes them from the brute; and without it they illy become that epithet*; for in what particular is man exalted above the inferior animals, but in intellectual cultivation?" Admitting the first member of this sentence to be true, which nevertheless must be taken *cum grano sale,* it will by no means follow that the last is correct; the intellectual soul, on which is stamped a knowledge of Deity, a consciousness of sin and rectitude, the knowledge of a state of future rewards and punishments, sentiments which we find embraced, where the education of which Edwin speaks never found entrance, lift man to a state unspeakably above the brute. I am well pleased to hear men speak in praise of education, but logicians tell us, that which proves too much, proves nothing. Education does not *make* us superior to the brutes, but *finds us above them;* it does not create new powers, but only calls those into action which are already created; as the benign influence of the sun and seasons warm the earth, and cause the seed already sown to bud, shoot, spring up and ripen, until it abundantly answers the expectations of the husbandman—So education calls into use all the powers of soul implanted by the hand of Deity, renders us useful in society, and prepares us for a blest immortality.

Edwin undoubtedly deserves no small credit for the excellence of many of his sentences; and the desire of female improvement which pervades the whole, does honour to his heart; but I would seriously advise him to think over the above, mix again with women, examine them anew, try if indeed his censures be just; and in this examination to banish prejudice, the bane of improvement, from his mind. Examining the matter well, I am apt to think women and men, in point of mental powers, are much alike. Various situations in life, and difference in opportunities, generally make the difference. Here we find a fair flutterer delighting in ribbands, lace, paint and patches; and in the opposite part of the picture stands a beau with his waistcoat not a span long, and pantaletts to his chin. Mix in a circle of giddy females, mark their conversation, it may be dress,

NOTE.

* I suppose he means deserve—as it stands, in my opinion, it is not sense.

some expected party of pleasure, or some tale circulated by tattling fame: turn to the other hand, listen to that company of jovial boys, hearken to the loud laugh, the smutty jest, an account of last night's frolic, all mixed and graced with blasphemy and oaths,—and then say what is the difference. And from these shall we draw the picture of man? Yes, when from the other we draw the picture of woman. But leaving the silly trifles of the age—in civilized society we will find sterling worth,—man worthy woman,—woman worthy man; going hand in hand in the practice of virtue, improving and improved, ornaments of society; and preparing, by a life conformable to the precepts of the Gospel, for a blessed immortality. A FATHER.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO JUSTITIA.

I FULL well know that it is the received opinion among the vulgar, that lawyers are very cunning, artful and deceitful, and are always ready to *screw* as much out of their clients as possible, though it even tended to impoverish them. But why is this opinion circulated? Why is it credited? Or rather, Is it credited? If it is, I am confident that it must be merely among those, who do not possess the faculties of thinking or reasoning, in a very extraordinary degree.

I would ask you, *Justitia*, where is there that lawyer in Philadelphia (I confine myself to this place, because it abounds with them) who is not as good and as honourable a member as you can find in the place? This I consider as going upon a very liberal scale; for I believe it is the only profession or art, among whom there is not to be found a single quack or rogue. But must we condemn the whole profession, because Counsellor Mum has cheated us, or Lawyer Silvertongue has extorted fees to as large an amount as the suit? or because this or that lawyer has procrastinated our cause? I ask, are these the reasons sufficient for considering them all dishonest?

As for the "*frequent instances* of persons having been *dragged* about many years at court," I do not deny; but pray, Justitia, do you sincerely think that that can be owing to the "*quirks* and *prevarications*" of the lawyers? Certainly you cannot confess yourself so ignorant as to be the *dupe* of so gross an opinion. If you are that ignorant person, and will confess that you did not publish that assertion maliciously, I will explain to you the cause of delay hereafter.

Your last assertion, I will venture to say is as false as the others, (*i. e.* that lawyers were feed every court) and I am certain, from experience, never yet hath come to pass. Your's, &c.

EQUITAS.

USEFUL.

Mode of manufacturing MOROCCO LEATHER, *as practised at* FEZ.

THE goat being stripped of his skin, by doubling it over itself, and so drawing it off as one would pull off a stocking by the upper part, the hide, entire and covered with its hair, is thrown into water, in which it is left to soak during three days. It is then exposed to the air, and, when dry, coarsely stripped of the hair; after which it is plunged in slaked lime.

To clear the skins more thoroughly from the hair, they are powdered over with quick-lime, which takes away even the smallest hairs. They are next washed in running water, and very carefully rinsed. They are suffered to remain in that water during the space of a night, then hanged up to drain in the open air. After this, they are laid in bran, in the proportion of a hundred and eighty skins to three hundred pounds of bran. They continue in the bran, being each day turned inside out, until they have acquired a considerable degree of pliability.

They are next washed again in running water, by trampling them with the feet; after which operation they are thrown into a second bath prepared with white figs—about a hundred and ninety pounds of figs, to a hundred and eighty skins. The figs render the water soapy. The skins remain in it four or five days, in which time they are frequently turned. And, during the period of their soaking in it, they are, on three successive days, sprinkled with sal gemmæ, very finely powdered; after which, the water being suffered to drain from them, they are again sprinkled with sal gemmæ, and laid in a heap in a flat vessel, where the process of impregnating them with the salt, is completed. The water is then squeezed out by wringing the skins; after which they are very pliant, and fit to receive the colour.

If red be the intended colour, half a pound of cochineal, and three ounces of allum are employed for sixty skins. Finally, they are tanned by placing them in pits, where beds of tan are made, of about fifty pounds of tan for each skin. The skin is tanned so as to have the grain side within, and filled with the tanning water. After the expiration of eight days it is again turned, and again filled with the tanning water, which is suffered to remain on it six days. During the whole of this term, the skins are carefully stirred and shaken. They are then rinsed in running water, scraped with an iron instrument, opened up along the belly, and rendered pliant by the application of a little oil. They are dried in the sun, set to cool in the shade, slightly moistened with water, and finally scraped down to a proper thinness with three different instruments of iron.

When the red colour is too deep, it is weakened with a decoction of a plant called *rasoul al achbi*, which is the *mesembrianthemum annuum*. This liquor is used warm, a spoonful of it being poured on each skin.

If the hides are intended to be died yellow, they are prepared in the same manner as for the red, except that the operation of salting is not prolonged beyond the time of their soaking in the fig-water. And besides, only twenty-five pounds of tan are, in this case, used for five dozen of skins. The yellow die is made of powdered pomegranate-rind and allum.

An inferior red is produced from Brasil wood and allum. Instead of Brasil wood, the manufacturers frequently use the *fouah*, which is a species of *gallium* or *rubia (madder)* that is brought in great quantities from Morocco.

CURIOUS MEMOIR,

Contained in a Letter addressed to the Gleaner, *a periodical writer in the* ANTHOLOGIA HIBERNICA.

" ——gives to airy nothings
" A local habitation and a name."
SHAKESPEARE.

SIR,

APPREHENDING my own memoirs, and some facts concerning my nation, to be sufficiently curious, and but little known, I sit down for the purpose of making you acquainted with both; and thereby assisting you to *lay hold on the ears of the public*, which I conceive your task to do. My father's name was Theobald, or Theophilus, I presume: I for my part have never heard him called any thing but The[1]. He was a harmless sort of person; but far from select in his acquaintance, being cap in-hand with every creature he met; and so unsteady withal, as to be by turns The friend

NOTE.

[1] The article THE.

—The foe—The admirer—The calumniator[2] of any person, or of any measure. *Some* particular and lasting attachments, indeed, he had to a few eminent actresses[3], and opera-girls[4], for example;—and, bad indeed as my poor father was, he was yet less indiscriminate than mamma, who would take up with any trash, and was, in fact, no better than a ——[5]. She was the eldest of five sisters, all remarkable for their vocal talents. I am the first-born of this marriage, and have one brother[6], with whom I am not upon terms. Indeed, since our very childhood, we have kept aloof[7]. (I am certain you must have heard of us, for in most polite circles we make the topic of discourse[8].) One cause of our coolness to each other, may be—that, notwithstanding the evidence which could be adduced of my eldership, my brother asserts roundly, that he was the first born. He says, that whenever the conversation relates to things past[9], it is always to him that the company apply; which he urges (plausibly) is a concession that he has lived longer in the world than me; but such presumptions are refuted by proof positive to the contrary. Indeed, that brother of mine has always been discontented and litigious, ever quarrelling with his family, and usurping their rights, and was a few years ago at law with two relatives[10], (for example) as you probably knew yourself; for the pleadings are set forth at large by your predecessor, the Spectator[11]. We have also two sisters[12], who lead a strange *here* and *there* vagabond sort of life. One of them has always been my brother's favourite, the other mine; and we are seen frequently in their company, in many parts of England[13]. Another of our family, called Susy[14], lives in France; where, poor soul! she is common, they tell me, to half the nation[15]. And talking of France, I cannot forbear noticing an odd circumstance, which is this;—that the French find an insurmountable difficulty in pronouncing the names of our family[16], with the exception of my mother's name[17], which they enounce fully and articulately. My brother and I inherit, *ex parte paternâ* and *maternâ*, that inclination towards a general acquaintance, which I have already noticed; and, to say the truth, share the world between us. I have often, however, observed my acquaintance to cut me, and long to be introduced to the intimacy of my brother[18], with whose reserved and distant manners they are taken; and this disposition is particularly remarkable in children and women. We two possess the faculty of discrimination in a great degree[19], insomuch that in all cases wherein there is a necessity of distinctions, are referred to us; yet to be seen frequently in our company, is disgraceful for the most part[20]. One great man indeed there was, who shewed a uniform attachment to our family; I mean your countryman, the late Mr. Mossop, the actor, who has been known to neglect a large company[21], in order to pay us the more particular attention. It seems usually not difficult to know my brother and me asunder; yet let one man be with me, and my brother pass us at a distance, with another in his company, each of these associates would (if the subject became a question for discussion) insist that he had been in my company, and not my brother's[22]. It has been said that we resemble in some respects, those renowned brethren Castor and Pollux. But perhaps I disgust you by dwelling on the trivial memoirs of our family; I shall therefore hasten to particulars concerning our nation[23] at large. We are a great people; and like your countrymen the wild Irish, all wing'd. Though now dispersed and scattered through the earth, still are we descended from one common stock[24], to which we all by certain family resemblance can be traced. Yet how the race has been preserved, may seem extraordinary, when you hear that at one period we had no men[25] amongst us; (puppes indeed we had) and indeed if it were not for a merchant of the name of Cadmus[26], we might to this hour, like true females, "have no *character* at all." Before his time we had made some noise it is true, but nothing of an appearance, till he cloathed and introduced us to the public eye. We have still indeed a tendency to ramble forth in *dishabille*, though our gambols having been attended with inconvenience, were considerably checked in the chaste and punctilious reign of the second Charles[27]. Before I quit this topic of dress, let me just remark, that in no country are our clothes made so clumsily[28] as in France; and that in China[29] our wardrobe is immense. As to that tribe of us which abides in England[30], we came hither about the time of Hengist[31], and many years ago fell under the Norman power[32]. During the time of Duke William, and for some reigns after, we continued in great abjectness and disrepute[33], not having admission to the court, or keeping any good company. At present you will believe our situation is much improved, when I inform you that we assist at all meetings of Parliament, and deliberation of councils, at settling of treaties, and prosecution of suits: though in memory of our former meanness, we are prohibited from being present when the king exercises his legislative functions[34]. Yet, though treated with such contumely in this instance, we are not without an armed force for the vindication of our honour. So long ago as the reign of Richard the II. a martinet[35] of those days put us into a state of requisition, and raised and disciplined troops of the line amongst us. He was followed by a succession of able generals, insomuch that we are now as completely trained as Prussian battalions, and our stately march is universally admired; let me add for the honour of our tribe, that we never serve with spirit for hire, and that the greatest harmony prevails amongst our troops. We are of little dimension; and I, for example, must confess myself short of stature. *Ne longum faciam*—I shall hasten to conclude: in truth, I have assembled such a crowd of my own people, that I am ashamed. To op-

NOTES.

2 *The* is prefixed to various words.
3 *The* Siddons.
4 *The* Mara, &c.
5 The article *A*, which is used still more indiscriminately than *The*.
6 *That*.
7 Allusion to the separation and distinction of *this* and *that*.
8 It is not uncommon to talk of *this* and *that*.
9 We naturally denominate the thing present *this*, and the thing past *that*.
10 *Who* and *which*.
11 Vol. I.
12 The adverbs *here* and *there*; which are nearly allied to *this* and *that*.
13 *This here* man went to *that there* house.
14 Or *Ceuxci*, French for *these*.
15 A nation may be grossly divided into *ceuxci* and *ceuxlà*; *these* and *those*.
16 *Dat* ver true, *Dis* garçon say.
17 They pronounce *a* fuller than we do.
18 O si angulus *ille*, &c.
19 *This* and *that*, used commonly in marking distinctions.
20 *This* fellow, *that* wretch.
21 He was remarkable for laying emphasis on particles, and inconsiderable words.
22 Allusion to mere relative nature of the words, whatever you are upon being *this*, and the distant object *that*.
23 Words comprising all languages.
24 The parent language.
25 *Nomen*, a Latin word.
26 Cadmus first invented letters.
27 Statute of frauds, requiring contracts to be reduced to writing.
28 The pronunciation and orthography of the French have little mutual connection.
29 Where there is no alphabet, but each word has its appropriate character.
30 The English language.
31 Allusion to its Saxon derivation.
32 *Norma* loquendi. See Horace.
33 Under the Norman race of kings, the English tongue was in disrepute; the records and judicial proceedings were in Norman French: and the great men affected to use that tongue, (indeed, to most it was the native one.
34 Le Roi le veut. Le Roi s'avisera.
35 Chaucer.

press you with such a multitude, suits but ill with the opinion I hold of your good sense; for *verbum sapienti*. Adieu then, Mr. Gleaner, receive graciously my bon môts, and assure yourself of my good word.

Your humble servant,

THIS.

Moral Essays.

NO. VII.

(CONCLUDED.)

ON SENSIBILITY.

BY MISS BOWDLER.

THIS is indeed a case rarely, if ever, to be met with; but as it must be allowed to be possible, let us take things in the worst light imaginable, and then consider the happiness which yet remains to balance these afflictions, in the heavenly comforts which Religion offers.

The most unhappy may yet find a Friend to whom they may unbosom all their sorrows with the fullest confidence, and rest secure of finding that consolation which is really best for them, since He is both able and willing to bestow it:—this is a happiness of which none but themselves can ever deprive them. Though slighted and neglected, perhaps oppressed and injured by the world, yet are they certain that He regards their sufferings. He hears their prayers, and will reward their patience.

When they consider that all events are at his disposal, and these sufferings are permitted for their greater good, their submission, instead of being full of terror and anxiety, will be an act of love and confidence.

When they remember, that all afflictions are trials, and that by bearing them as they ought, they may best express their love and gratitude;—the activity of their minds will be again awakened, and their utmost efforts again exerted, with a pleasure and satisfaction which can attend on no other pursuit, since all but this are liable to disappointment.

If we are engaged in the service of a friend, every difficulty becomes a source of pleasure; we exert ourselves with delight in finding means to conquer it; we even enjoy any suffering which can procure his advantage, or express our affection.

A satisfaction of the same kind may continually be enjoyed by the afflicted. It is true, their sufferings can bring no advantage to their Creator; his happiness can receive no addition from the feeble efforts of his creatures; yet still, to a heart full of love and gratitude, there is a pleasure in exerting every effort to express those sentiments, in doing or suffering any thing which may conduce to that end. In this view, afflictions may be received with real satisfaction, since they afford continual opportunities of expressing our readiness to conform to his will, even when it is most contrary to our own; and this is the strongest proof of love and confidence we are able to give.

When we read the histories of those who have voluntarily undergone the most painful sufferings, rather than transgress their duty, we admire their virtues, and esteem them happy. Those who receive as they ought the trials which are sent them, do all in their power to follow their examples, and may, in a great degree, enjoy the same happiness; their aims, their wishes are the same; like them, they bless him who permits the trial; they would detest the tho't of escaping from it, by being guilty of the smallest crime: they rejoice in suffering for his sake, and depend, with entire confidence, on his assistance and support.

If at any time the affliction seems too severe to be supported, and nature almost sinks under the trial, let them anticipate the future time, and think with what sentiments they shall look back upon it;—think, if they can, what joy it will afford them to reflect, that no sufferings could ever shake their resolution; that their love to their Almighty Father, and desire to be conformable to his will, have been still the ruling principles of their hearts, even in the midst of the severest trials; that their afflictions have not made them neglect their duty to Him, or to their fellow-creatures; that their best endeavours have been still exerted, and their entire confidence ever placed in Him.

Then let them look farther still, and think of the time when all earthly joys and sorrows will be for ever passed away, and nothing of them will remain but the manner in which they have been received; let them think of the happiness of those who have been "made perfect thro' sufferings," and who will then look forward to an eternity of bliss.

Will they then wish that they had suffered less? Or who would wish it now, if such are the blessed fruits of sufferings? And it depends on ourselves to make them so; for the assistance of Him who alone can support our weakness, will never be wanting to those who seek it.

Such reflections, such hopes as these, can surely afford pleasures more than sufficient to overbalance any afflictions to which we may be liable in this world:—And *these* are pleasures which the greatest sufferer may feel, and in which the most unhappy may rejoice.

To conclude:—Religion cannot prevent losses and disappointments, pains and sorrows; for to these, in this imperfect state, we must be liable; nor does it require us to be insensible to them, for that would be impossible; but in the midst of all, and even when all earthly pleasures fail, it commands—it instructs—it enables us to be happy.

ANECDOTES.

ORIENTAL.

A woman was walking, and a man looked at her, and followed her. The woman said, "Why do you follow me?" He answered, "Because I have fallen in love with you." The woman said, "Why are you in love with me? my sister is much handsomer than me—she is coming after me—go and make love to her." The man turned back, and saw a woman with an ugly face; being greatly displeased, he went away to the first woman, and said, "Why do you tell a story?" The woman answered, "Neither did you speak the truth; for, if you are in love with me, why did you go after another woman?" The man was confounded.

MAGNANIMITY.

Lauchlin Maclean, Esq. was bred up in the medical line, though he was afterwards so much distinguished in the East Indian line of politics. He practised early in life as a surgeon in New-York; and another practitioner in the same medical line, jealous of him, took every possible occasion to do him the greatest injuries. It happened that the favourite son of his rival fell dangerously ill. Mr. Maclean immediately attended him; he sat up with him many nights, and, by his great skill in medicine, and indefatigable attentions, restored the son to the distracted father; refusing any emolument, and saying to his friends,—"*Now I am revenged.*"

A Student in a neighbouring university, not many years since, carried a manuscript poem, of his own composition, to the Professor of Languages, for his inspection. The Professor, after looking it over, demanded the author's reason for beginning every line with a *capital?* "Because it is *poetry*," replied the student. "It is!" says the Professor, "*I declare I should not have thought it.*"

PHILADELPHIA,
AUGUST 13, 1803.

Uranian Society.

Special meeting—August 4, 1803.

"ON motion Resolved, That the future stated meetings of this Society be held on Wednesday evenings, and not oftener than once in two weeks."

In pursuance of the foregoing, a stated meeting will be held at the usual place on Wednesday the 17th inst. at 8 o'clock in the evening.

JAMES WHITE, Sec'ry.

AUGUST 13.

A MEDAL OFFERED.

AT a stated meeting of "The Philadelphia Company of Booksellers," held on Friday, the 5th of August, the following Resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That a premium of 50 Dollars, or a Gold Medal of the value thereof, be given to any person who shall on or before the first day of January 1804, produce to this Company, the best specimen of Printing Ink, which shall be proved in the printing of a Volume of not less than 250 pages.

"Extract from the minutes."

MATHEW CAREY, President,

Attest, WILLIAM BRADFORD, Sec'ry.

Letters (post paid) addressed to the President of the Company, with specimens by some safe conveyance will receive immediate attention.

INTELLIGENCE.

DEATHS in New-York, from the 30th July to the 6th inst. Adults 33—Children 44—Total 77. Eight of which died of malignant fever.

It appears by a publication of the Mayor of New-York, dated 6th inst. that from the report of the Physicians, 33 cases of bilious malignant fever have occurred in that city, from the 20th July to the 5th inst. 16 of which terminated in death, 8 in recovery, and 9 remained doubtful.

From New-York, August 9.

Since our last, we have had a very unfavourable change of weather, which has increased the fever. Seventeen cases were reported yesterday, and two deaths. The alarm increases, as the weather continues cloudy, close and exceeding damp. To morrow we shall have a report from the Health office.

The Mayor has, this morning, recommended to the inhabitants residing between Old Slip and Fly Market, and south of Pear-street, immediately to evacute their dwellings.

N. York, August 11.

The Health Committee report, that the following is the number of Deaths and of new Cases of the prevailing Fever, reported them since the Mayor's report:

On the 8th inst.	3	deaths and	16	new cases.
9th	4	do.	16	do.
10th	1	do.	15	do.

Of the above, 17 have been sent to the Marine Hospital. By the Committee of Health,

G. N. VALENTINE, Sec'ry.

The Bellevue Hospital, we understand, will be opened in a day or two for the reception of the sick.

NEW LONDON, AUGUST 3.

ON Thursday last, John Morgan, jun. Charles Crocker, and two others, of Waterford, were collecting sea-weed in Jordan Cove. In hauling the scow along the edge of the channel, Morgan, who was unable to swim, slipt in, and Crocker, an excellent swimmer, to save him, plunged after. A third seeing them both likely to drown, hastened to their assistance, but they seized on him in such a manner, that they all went to the bottom together; he, however, while at the bottom, by a violent exertion, extricated himself, and reached the shore, so exhausted as to be unable to stand. Morgan and Crocker were drowned. They were useful young men.

ON the 25th ult. *George Wells*, printer, in a fit of insanity, put an end to his life by hanging himself on the limb of a tree in the village of Keene, (N. H)

BALTIMORE, AUG. 5.

Accident.—As the United States' schooner Vixen was saluting the town yesterday, the gunner's mate put the match to the bow-gun, without observing that a man was standing on the mouldings, charging—By the discharge the man's arm we understand was carried off above the elbow, being struck by the rammer which he had not withdrawn. The man was blown into the water. Mr. Smith, lieutenant and commander, made every personal exertion to save the man, but was unsuccessful; a negro on board jumped over and supported the sailor until the boat picked him up. He only said it was damn'd hard, that he had been compelled to fight both for the British and French, and now when he hoped to be of use to his own country, to be laid up in dock without seeing a single broadside.

INTERMENTS in the different burying grounds of the city of Baltimore, for the week, ending the 8th inst. at sun-rise—Adults 9—Children 33—Total 42.

A Mr. DOUGLAS, has lately made four new machines, from the use of which the greatest improvements are expected to arise to the woollen manufactures of France. The first is a machine which opens 70 lb. of Spanish wool in the hour, by a force equal to that of two men, with a boy to feed the machine with wool.—The second is a machine for mixing wools of different colours; it mixes, and at the same time opens 40 lb. of Spanish wool in the hour, with the application of the force of only one man, and with a boy to supply the wool. The third of these machines enables a man and a boy to prepare a piece of superfine cloth of the largest breadth in the space of an hour. It requires only the force of one ordinary horse to work it. The fourth is a complete loom, with a fly shuttle, which may be wrought by a single person placed in the middle of it.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Helfenstein, Mr. *Peter Hahn*, merchant of Philadelphia, to Miss *Rebecca Hewell*, of Trenton, N. Jersey.

Deaths.

DIED, at Hadley, (Mas.) on the 25th ult. Mr. *John Dwight*, son of the Rev. Dr. Dwight, of New-Haven.

——, at his seat on Montour's Island, on the 29th ult. Gen. *John Nevill*, aged 72 years; his remains were interred the day following in the burial-ground in this borough, in the presence of a great number of sympathising friends. [*Pittsburgh Gaz.*

——, at New Haven, aged 80 years, *Samuel Bishop*, collector of that port.

——, on the 11th inst. of the gout in the stomach, Mr. *William Sheaff*, aged 58 years.

——, on the 7th inst. after a short illness, Mrs. *Rebecca Moore*, wife of Mr. William Moore, aged 18 years, and 6 months.

COMMUNICATION

On the Death of Mrs. Rebecca Moore.

"Alas! how soon our earthly joys are o'er,"
How soon time's pleasures end!
Known for a moment, to be known no more;
We hug the fleeting hope,—our loss deplore—
To vanity all earthly wishes tend.

But heavenly joys superior pleasure gives,
And endless are those joys;
Happy indeed the soul that Heaven relieves,
Its gracious gifts that joyfully receives,
And realizes hope that never cloys.

Thou mourning husband of a faithful wife,
How deep thy sorrows are;
She's dead! the partner of thy early life
Grappled with Death! and in the unequal strife,
Resign'd the contest, and this world of care.

All human aid was vain, her hour was come,
And her pure spirit fled;
Yes—(her cold corse consign'd unto the tomb)
Her soul enraptured sped where Virtues bloom,
Where God her Saviour lives, who once was dead.

He died, a guilty world from sin to save;
And with his latest breath,
Unto his chosen friends the pow'r he gave
To cry, when dying—"where is thy victory Grave!
And where's thy dreadful sting, oh boasting Death!"

Ye parents now for your Rebecca dear
Indulge awhile your grief,
And thou, her partner, drop the mournful tear—
But bound your sorrows—Heaven claims its care;
Your loss, to her is gain, and sweet relief.

She's trac'd the gloomy path that all must tread,
And gain'd the heav'nly shore—
Mourn not, as without hope, the happy dead—
She whom ye mourn is to her Saviour fled,
To praise redeeming love for evermore.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Nancy Justice wants in a high degree, the necessary qualities of *temperance* and *prudence*.

The editor requests an interview with *Carlos*.

Stanzas on Rural Retreat, in our next.

Small Talk, No. X. is received.

Sundry communications remain to be noticed.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ELEGY.

CHARLES was the third child of C. and J. B——. He died Nov. 20, 1802; after languishing about twenty-four hours in the most undescribable agonies of death, occationed by his clothes catching fire; his parents at the instant of the mournful, and to them ever lamentable catastrophe, being in another part of the house—For them, as a small tribute of respect, the following lines are composed,—dedicated to the memory of the unfortunate infant.

HERE lies beneath this green grass turf,
A once-lov'd sprightly blooming boy;
A *promise* fair of future worth,
His father's pride, his mother's joy.

But Death nor young nor old will spare,
Nor rich, nor poor, nor weak, nor wise,
E'en Innocence must take its share—
And Innocence itself here lies.

Four annual suns had scarce gone round,
Life's wheels had scarce began to turn,
And, lo! he lies beneath the ground,
The clay cold earth his bed and urn.

Oh Death! tho' in thy mildest form,
Still, still thou art a bitter cup;
Tho' doubly bitter here the draught,
This babe was forc'd to drink it up.

Ah! who shall paint the mournful scene,
Or who unfold the tale of woe,
The shafts of misery here were keen,
As misery's hand could e'er bestow.

One morn he rose, as morning fair,
And on his smiling mother smil'd;
And down the stairs unseen he goes,
An unsuspecting hapless child.

Chill was that morn—the cheering fire
Blaz'd on the hearth—and as it burn'd
He fann'd—he thought to fan it higher—
Alas! his fate shall long be mourn'd.

In flames involv'd, for aid he ran,
And cried, but cried, alas! in vain,
"O Daddy, save me if you can,
I won't indeed, do so again."

In vain the frantic father strove
To damp the raging, scorching flame,
His blood was boil'd—the subtle fire
Had pierc'd thro' all his tender frame.

In th' agonizing pains of death,
One earth's diurnal round, he lay;
Then wrapped in his winding sheet,
Was to the grave-yard borne away.

Rest here sweet babe, each parent cried,
Rest here in peace, thy sorrows o'er,
Rest tranquil here, till that glad morn,
When we shall meet to part no more.

And then each pray'd—Thou GREAT SUPREME,
Whose presence heaven and earth doth fill,
Grant me, tho' hard it here may seem,
Grant me submission to thy will. D. E.

ENIGMA.

WHEN darkest clouds involve the air,
When forked lightning's vivid glare
Astounds the mind, untaught;
When awful darkness veils the world,
When thunderbolts from clouds are hurl'd,
Most ardently I'm sought.

When armies furiously engage,
And hostile ranks in battle rage,
With fiercest fury fraught;
When tempests roar, and dread dismay
Assails the trav'ller on his way,
Most ardently I'm sought.

When hurricanes their terrors bring,
When pestilence is on the wing,
And dire portents afloat;
When dangers threaten all around,
And ills of various kinds abound,
Most ardently I'm sought.

And most of all when death assails,
And conscience over faith prevails,
The men whose lives were naught
Will seek me; but alas! too late;—
I leave them to their wretched fate,
Tho' ardently I'm sought.

Not only mankind seek my aid;—
When threat'ning dangers make afraid
Ev'n brutes, then 'tis my lot,
By beasts, by insects, fishes, birds,
And every creature earth affords,
Most ardent to be sought.

The chased stag, the hunted hare,
For me their passions do declare,
As well as men of thought;
And when they bound along the plain,
Or strive the woodland to obtain,
Then ardently I'm sought.

Now gentle bards, attend my call,
Nor high, nor low, nor great, nor small,
Think me a thing of nought;
But seek me wisely, and you'll find,
I'm centred in th' Eternal mind,—
Then let me there be sought.

I'm not the Saviour of mankind,
Yet with him I'm e'er combin'd,
And by him ne'er forgot;—
For me, kings abdicate the throne,
And wander thro' the earth unknown—
So ardently I'm sought.

Then strive with zeal to find me out,
That every fear, and every doubt,
May from your minds be driv'n;
For after death (I'll tell you plain)
Nor peace, nor comfort, will you gain
Except with me in heav'n.

OLIVIA.

MR. HOGAN,

If you do not receive a better answer to the Enigma, in the last number of your Repository, please to insert the following.

LO air, confin'd in earth's prolific womb,
Urg'd by fierce fires, essays to burst its tomb,*
Bids dreadful earthquakes rock the trembling earth,
And gives to terror and destruction birth.
Rise, Muses, rise, and with my fancy soar,
Far o'er the waves, and tread Italia's shore,
Where dread *Vesuvius* spreads his terrors round,
Or *Etna* rises, with stern winter crown'd:
Hark! sullen murmurs from the mountain rise,
And black'ning smoke obscures the solar skies;
Amidst the darkness livid lightnings glare,
And fill th' astonish'd soul with awe and fear;
Loud thunder spreads his deep-ton'd notes around,
Shakes the resounding heav'ns, and rocks the groaning ground.
See the vex'd ocean with tremendous roar,
Retires, astonish'd, from its ancient shore;
Then, forward urg'd, the liquid torrents roll,
While earth, convulsed, groans from pole to pole,
Opes its wide jaws, fields, cities, mountains all,
Man and his works in one wide ruin fall.
Tremendous fate! O *Messina*, 'twas thine;
How my blood crudles while I write the line;
Fancy still paints to view thy tott'ring spires,
Thy rocking houses, and thy falling fires;†
Thy pale inhabitants; thy sinking domes,
Enwrapt in quenchless flames; thy yawning tombs;
While lab'ring *Etna* bellows from afar,
And flames amidst the elemental war.
Methinks, I now behold a frigh'ed train,
With fear distracted, seek with anxious pain,
A son, a brother, father, all in vain;
Perhaps while 'midst the rocking domes they go,
A tow'r, down falling, terminates their woe.
But hold, my muse, restrain thy daring flight,
My sick'ning soul turns shudd'ring from the sight—
Lo! other scenes again demand thy care;
'Midst *Etna's* snows, see raging flames appear,
The mountain bursts, behold the flaming tide
Rolls in a fierce deluge down its smoking side;
Beneath its rage the crackling forest falls,
Rocks burst, earth shakes, down sink th' opposing walls;
O'er towns and fields the impetuous deluge pours,
And burning rolls to ocean's groaning shores;
While glowing floods and waves, in wild confusion roll,
Till Heav'n's divine command, alone subdues the whole.

CARLOS.

AUGUST 6.

NOTES.

* *Many philosophers ascribe Earthquakes to confined air, heated by subterranean fires, struggling to escape.*

† *Showers of red hot stone.*

☞ Burning LAVA is considered as the meaning of the Enigma.